Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy ſluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe, and faireſt boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their ſoules whoſe body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promiſe you my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue ſaid, louing country-men, (*His Oration to*
The leiſure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulworkes ſtand before our faces,
Richard except, thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide.
On raiſed in bloud, and on in bloud eſtabliſhed;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe that were the meanes to helpe him;
A bace foule ſtone, made precious by the ſoyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falſly ſet,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemy.
God will in iuſtice reward you as his Souldiers
If you ſweare to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you doe fight againſt your countryes foes,
Your countries fat ſhall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerours:.
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then

Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing Swo
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the Earths cold face
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof,
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheere
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victo

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What ſayd *Northumberland* as touching R
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in Armes
King. He ſayd the truth, and what ſaid *Surrey* t
Rat. He ſmiled and ſayd, the better for our p
King He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is
Tell the Clocke there. *The Clocke ſ*
Giue me a Kalender, who ſaw the Sunne to da
Rat. Not I my Lord:
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome body.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lower vpon our Army,
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day, why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the ſelfe-ſame heaue
That frownes on me lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in
King. Come buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my Horſe,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plaine;
And thus my battell ſhall be ordered.
My fore-ward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foote.
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surr*
Shall haue the leading of the Foote and Horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow

M